A LESSON FOR WIVES.

[Philiadelphia Item.]

"Florence, you surely will not go?"

"Why not?"

The pretty little blonde lifted a pair of saucy, blue eyes to the face of the man at her side.

"Why do you object to my going to Mrs. Houston's ball, Robert? I thought you were proud of my social success and liked your wife to be a reigning belle."

Robert Darrow looked grave.

"It is because I cannot attend you to this ball, my dear," he returned, for important business calls me out of town—business so urgent that I will not spoil your anticipated pleasure by explaining it to you. And you are so determined to go that you are willing to accept the escort of your cousin, Ralph, whom you know to be a notorious flirt and 'lady killer.' Florence, I wish you would give it up."

She pouted her pretty red lips.

"Do be reasonable, Bob," she cried; "I have my dresses all prepared, and there will be nothing prettier at Mrs. Houston's to-night. As for cousin Ralph, he is a gentleman; you need not be afraid to trust me to his care. It is not so terrible a thing after all. Our own carriage will convey cousin Ralph and myself to Mr. Houston's house, only three or four blocks away, and I shall not remain late. Therefore, on the whole, dear, I think you ought to make no objections."

He stooped and kissed the pretty face with a stifled sigh of disappointment.

"Very well, my darling," he returned, gently, "I will not stand in the way of your happiness. Go, Florence, if you wish, and enjoy yourself."

But there was a troubled expression upon Robert Darrow's handsome face, and his eyes held a grave look in their depths as he turned away. Somehow the heart of the gay, young wife smote her a little.

"I wonder what is the matter, she exclaimed, when he had left the room; "Robert is not like himself anymore. I wonder what troubles him? He is too proud and reserved to tell me, but he has something on his mind, I am sure of it."

She leaned her head back among the cushions of her easy chair and closed her eyes wearily; she had been busy all day, shopping and making ready for this wonderful ball, and was quite fatigued. She did not hear her husband's light steps when he entered the room, all ready for his journey, which was into a neighboring city. He stooped and kissed the pretty, childish face.

"I will not wake her," he said to himself. "Poor little darling, how she will suffer when she knows all the bitter truth! I will keep it from her as long as I can."

Then, with a long, lingering look, he turned away, descended the stairs, and leaving the house, turned toward the depot, from whence he embarked on his journey.

When Florence Darrow opened her eyes the twilight shadows were stealing into her room, and Marie, her deft little maid, was lighting the gas in the pretty lily-shaped globes.

"Mr. Darrow has gone, ma'am," said the girl; "he left you these flowers."

And Marie laid a bouquet of lovely Parma violets before her mistress as she spoke. Florence seized them with a cry of rapture, and buried her face in their fragrant, purple hearts.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she cried; "Marie, is my dress all ready?"

"All ready, Mrs. Darrow, and dinner is waiting."

So Florence went down to the pretty dining room, where a dainty repast awaited her. But it was fearfully lonely and desolate without her husband. The heart of the young wife contracted with terrible pain as the thought entered it: What if she should never see Robert again. She missed him everywhere.

The meal was eaten in dreary loneliness; then she retired to her own chamber to prepare for the ball.

Two hours later Florence Darrow entered the grand drawing-room at Mrs. Houston's elegant mansion leaning on the arm of her cousin, Ralph Arden, a handsome, but rather dissipated-looking man.

She was lovely, in a trailing robe of delicate azure silk with frosty, white lace over-dress looped with purple-hearted violets, with a knot of the same fragrant blossoms in her hair and at her white throat.

A murmur of admiration went around the room; she was immediately surrounded by eager admirers, and dance after dance solicited.

Late in the evening she stood alone for a few moments in a deep embrazure of a window. Some gentlemen near were busily conversing and did not observe her.

"Yes, it is true," she heard one of them say. "Darrow is at the very verge of ruin, and I am told that his wife's extravagance is at the bottom of it all. I do not doubt it. Look at her to-night, dressed like a queen, surrounded by admirers, without her husband's protection. No wonder he is ruined and despairing. It is the reckless extravagance of their wives which wrecks the prosperity of one-half our young business men."

With a stifled exclamation, Florence was about to spring forward and indignantly deny the charges, but at that moment a newcomer drew near.

"Ah, good evening, Hartley," he began, "Have you heard the awful news? Awfully sorry to tell it, but Robert Darrow is financially ruined, and in despair has blown his brains out."

With a wild shriek of mortal agony, the young wife darted forward, she felt herself tottering and falling, and then she opened her eyes.

She was in her own chamber and Marie stood near.

"Why, Mrs. Darrow!" cried the girl, in dismay, "you have been asleep and dreaming. You would have fallen to the floor just now if I had not happened in. Mr. Darrow has gone, and he left you these to wear to the ball."

And even as in her dream Marie held up a bouquet of Parma violets. Mrs. Darrow took them and pressed them to her lips, her heart full of gratitude that it had all been a dream, for she had not awakened since her husband's departure.

"You can put my dress away, Marie," she said. "I have changed my mind; I am not going to the ball."

Then, checking the girl's astonished look, she added:

"Tell Saunders to bring the carriage round. I want to go to the depot to see Mr. Darrow before he leaves. See, there is half an hour to train time!"

The coachman brought the carriage, while Florence tied on a hat, and in fifteen minutes she was at the depot, where she found her husband just purchasing his ticket.

She drew him aside, and the story was quickly told. His face grew bright with joy.

"Your dream is partly true, Florence," he returned, "I did not wish you to know the danger my business is in, my darling, but I have a hope of riding it over, and since I find my little wife so ready to assist me, I am sure I shall succeed."

The train came steaming in, he kissed her good-by and took his departure.

Florence remained at home that night, and practiced a new song for Robert; she felt as though a heavy load had been lifted from her heart, and determined never to give the world cause to say, in reality, what her dream had revealed to her.

Robert Darrow returned in a day or two with great hopes for the future in his heart. The danger was indeed tided over, and soon brighter days dawned for the young man. And from that day they turned over a new leaf.

Florence willingly retrenched her expenses, and did all in her power to be a help-meet to her husband.

In consequence they ultimately became very wealthy, and certainly very much happier than when society had been the chief aim of the young wife's heart.

Florence Darrow never forgot her dream and the lesson which it had taught her.

A Picture of the Plains.

[Los Angeles Express.]

One of the most startling and romantic features of border life occured recently on the Wild Horse prairie, thirty miles north of Los Angeles, when a band of wild horses, under the lead of a noble sorrel stallion came galloping over the plains to reconnoitre a company of surveyors engaged in making a survey of the tract.

The band dashed toward Capt. Keller and his party of surveyors till within 500 feet, when the leader halted in a grandly proud and defiant manner, with neck curved, nostrils distended, erect, and tail on dress parade, and all the band ranged themselves on each side of him like a squad of cavelry in battle charge. After surveying the scene for a few moments the leader galloped away, followed by the band in the most graceful and dignified manner. The scene was most romantic, and the picture of the lordly leader, with his most obedient servants, in their fleet and graceful motions, was worthy of an artist's pencil.

There was another band of wild horses on the same prairie, under the leadership of a dark mahogany bay stallion, with black mane, tail and knees. In this band there are two white horses and the rest are bay and sorrel mainly.

Vanity.

[Chicago Eye.]

From time immemorial, woman has called art to assist her in embracing the charms of nature. Painting the face was common early as the fourteenth century; and we find it alluded to by Shakspeare in "Love's Labor Lost." Hamlet's reproof is doubtless familiar to all: "I have heard of your paintings, too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you have made yourself another." No respectable woman dared paint her face as long as the commonwealth existed, but the practice was revived during the reign of Charles II. The Spectator frequently mentions this custom of the ladies. It is said that the husband of Lady Coventry—a belle of Horace Walpole's time—used to chase her round the dinner-table with a wet napkin, that he might remove the superfluous color from her cheeks. This lady actually died from the evil effects of powders and paint. The Elizabethian age was sometimes spoken of as the "age of cosmetics." The beaux of that day used the art as well as the ladies. Wine was considered a great beautifier, and we read of the wine bath. The Earl of Shrewsbury complained of the Queen of Scots, that her wine-bath was a great expense. Milk was also used in the same way. Then there were preparations for concealing bad complexions, removing superfluous hair, &c., just as there are at the present time.

A Compromise.

[Merchant Traveler.]

"Mr. Robinson," said the bookkeeper to the old man, in the office, "here's a letter from Smith, over in Indiana, in which he proposes to pay 60 per cent. of the bill he owes."

"Gootness, kracious, vot ish dat? Vot is dot?" screamed the old man.

"Smith proposes to pay 60 per cent," repeated the bookkeeper.

"Can't ve schveese more ash dot out oaf him, no vay?"

"No, sir; I understand that's the very best he can do."

"Vell, dot ish shameful for a man to sheat us in dot vay. Only 60 per cent., you shay?"

"That's all."

"Von't he make eet sixty-von?"

"No, 60 is the limit."

"Vell, eef ve must, ve must, I shupposhe, bood I don't like dot vay oaf settiling. Ve shoot haf mate two hoondert unt sheventy-five per chent. on dose goots, unt now ve vill haf to pe satisfied mit only a leedle ofer a hoodert unt ten, unt any beezness man can see dot sooch profits vill ruin trade in sphite oaf all ve can do to increashe de proshperity oaf our republican insthitutions."

Electricity the Motive Power for Yachts.

[Outing.]

Steam, perhaps, is destined to be but an incident in the movement for the substitution of artificial motive power for the force of the wind.

Experiments lately made in England indicate that perhaps electricity may become a substitute for steam. It has been proven practicable mechanically, and it remains to be seen whether it will stand the test of economy. Its introduction would abolish the dangers threated from fire and explosions, and increase comfort by doing away with the annoyances of heat, smoke and the smell of oil coming from the engines and boilers of small yachts. These odors are apt to so far pervade a vessel as to make a voyage by steam yacht intolerable to many persons.

"LET LOVE ABIDE."

In the gardens at Bramshill an ancient wedding ring was dug up. The posy engraved upon it is, "Let love abide."

I see the house in dreams, and know the charm
That haunts each silent room
Where Lely's beauties smile and glow, and
triumph in immortal bloom;
And old dead loves and joys of yore come back to
live their lives once more.

Deep in the ivy on the walls, the peacock sinks
his purple breast;
The place is full of wild bird-calls, and pigeons
coo themselves to rest,
While tunefully, through rush and brake, the
streamlets trickle to the lake.

Across the long grey terrace sweeps the subtle
scent of orange flowers,
And through the stately portal creeps a sigh from
honeysuckle bowers,
To blend, in chambers dim and vast, with fainter
sweets of summers past.

Do shadows of the days of old still linger in the
garden ways?
Long hidden, deep beneath the mould, they
found a ring of other days,
And faith, and hope, and memory cling about
that simple wedding ring.

It bears a posy quaint and sweet (and well the
graven letters wear,)
"Let love abide,"—the words are meet for those
who pray love's endless prayer;
The old heart-language, sung or sighed, forever
speaks, "Let love abide."

Oh, noble mansion, proud and old, and beautiful
in shade or shine,
Age after age your walls enfold the treasures of
an ancient line!
And yet—let time take all the rest, if love abide,
for love is best.

—[Good Words.

The Value of Manner.

[London Spectator.]

We have heard it said that you can do everything, however unpleasant it may be to those around you, if you only do it in the right way; and the instance given to prove the truth of this assertion is taken from humble life.

A cat walks daintily into the room on a cold winter's day, and with a benign glance at the company and a melodious purring sound she walks leisurely around, selects for herself the warmest place in the room—perhaps the only warm place, right in front of the grate—curls herself up and goes serenely to sleep, secure that no one will be so unreasonable as to question her right to sleep wherever inclination prompts her to sleep. No one calls it selfish, no one is annoyed, because she has done it so prettily, and gracefully. Indeed, everyone experiences an access of warmth and comfort in themselves from beholding pussy's blissful repose.

Now, imagine the same thing done in a different way, and by a less self-possessed individual—if it were done hurriedly, or noisily, or clumsily, or diffidently even, or in any way obtrusively, what a storm of indignation it would excite in the bosom of all beholders? How thoughtless, how inconsiderate, how selfish! No, it must be done as the cat does it, without a sound or a gesture to provoke criticism, or it must not be done at all.

A Golden City.

[Philadelphia News.]

The death of Peter Whyte recalls the strange story of the founding of the city of Victoria, Australia. In an Australian mining camp at one of the tents sat four men—the 10th of June, 1858—talking earnestly of their future and bemoaning the past. For several months these four men had worked together in the same claim, sometimes getting barely sufficient for daily wants; sometimes not even for that. For several weeks, indeed, they had labored without any result. After a long discussion they decided to abandon the claim.

Down in the mine, the three looked gloomily around, with a kind of sulky regret at having to leave the scene of so much useless toil. "Good by," said one. "I'll give you a farewell blow." And raising his pick he struck the quarts, making the splinters fly in all directions. His practiced eye caught a glittering speck in one of the bits at his feet. Stooping, he examined it and the place he had struck, when, with a loud exclamation, he knelt and satisfied himself that it was gold! He then commenced picking vigorously. His mates caught the meaning and followed his example.

In dead silence they worked on—they had discovered a monster nugget! Then a wild, glad shout sounded in the ears of the one at the windless, who had sunk into a half-doze, feeling, probably, the want of his breakfast- To his inquiry, "What is going on?" the cry came, "Wind up," and as he did so there rose to the surface a huge mass of virgin gold.

When fully exposed to view the men were almost insane with joy. After watching it through the day and livelong night they had it conveyed in safety to the bank. It was named the Welcome Stranger, and yielded the fortunate discoverers of it $50,000. On the site of that spot the forest and the scrub have disappeared and their place is occupied by the finest city on the celebrated gold fields of Victoria.

AN ERRATIC GENIUS.

Death in the Midst of Poverty and Loneliness.

On Sunday morning last occurred the death of Peter Carmichael, of Le Roy, an erratic mechanical genius, aged about 57 yerrs, says The Buffalo Express. The deceased, in his early days, was a respected resident of this village. He dressed well, sported a gold-headed cane, and counted many of the prominent young men among his friends.

He was very familiar to many of our older residents, who will always remember him for his peculiar eccentricities and glip tongue. At an early age he developed a taste for machenery, and he was found to be always working upon some object, the secret of which he would keep to himself until there was a probability of success, and then he would confide in some trusted friend.

In this way he accumulated ideas that brought out many appliances of real worth, among which was a peculiar match-safe containing several conveniences. An improved gate for railway stations was also produced, and while it had many commendable points, it was not adopted by anybody owing to his peculiar habit of laying aside his accomplishments as fast as they were completed.

He also succeeded in constructing a steam-engine, which promised to be an invention of great value, but this, like all his other mechanical productions, soon found retirement. His gate, however, was rendered available for many purposes, and at one time he traveled over the country selling it to farmers and others. Wherever he went his peculiar habits made him an object to be remembered. He spent much time in devising a pump of improved pattern. This was a very ingenious affair, and promised to be a success.

His pump idea was only secondary to another upon which he was then working, concerning which he would say but little. To secure perpetual motion was his principal object, and many years of patient labor and thought were spent for its accomplishment. On several occasions while trying for this end he got to the stopping point, and could go no further, but his labors revealed the fact that he was possessed of much natural ability and had a great genius for mechanical inventions.

Close application to the study of his schemes somewhat impaired his mind and made him appear indifferent to the outside world. In fact his interest in the affairs of every-day life soon vanished, and he concluded to shun the world altogether.

He resided with a brother in a hovel on the north end of Ladd's "castle," on Mill sireet. His surroundings were filthy and his life made miserable by the free use of opium. The furniture of his apartment consisted of a chair and a stove, and he spent many years of his secluded life on the scanty earnings of his brother, which was hardly enough to keep soul and life together.

When the "castle" took fire on Sept. 7, 1883, the flames swept over his roof, and the water completely deluged his place. The firemen attempted to get him out, when he was found to be only half clothed. Rather than to come out of his filthy den among many of his old acquaintances, he barred his doors, saying that his things were insured, and threatened anyone who might enter. No amount of persuasion could induce him to come out. A body of men had about made up their minds to raid his place when it was found that his abode could be saved.

A lack of money in his early days had no doubt prevented the completion of several wonderful pieces of mechanism. During his early sickness he had been greatly neglected. He remained in a cold, filthy room, without much clothing, and with little covering, and scarcely any attention. His remains were deposited in the Myrtle Street cemetery.

Curious Marriage Vows.

[Glasgow Herald.]

One of these standing pillars of stone ("The Stones of Stennes," in the Orkney Islands) seems to have had a romantic history.

Through the upper part a round hole was cut, to which it is presumed the sacrificial victim was tied; but in later times it was put to other uses. Hither many a pair of lovesick swains resorted, and by joining hands through this magic ring plighted their troths forever—a pledge of love which was to them as sacred as a marriage vow.

The Scottish Society of Antibuarians gives the following explanation of the ceremony:

"When the parties had agreed to marry they repaired to the Temple of the Moon, where the woman, in presence of the man, feel down on her knees and prayed to the God of Woden (for such was the name of the God whom they addressed on this occasion) that he would enable her to perform all the promises and obligations she had made, and was to make, to the young man present; after which they both went to the Temple of the Sun, where the man prayed in like manner before the woman.

They then went to the stone of Odin; and, the man being on one side and the woman, on the other, they took hold of each other's right hand through the hole in it, and there swore to be constant and faithful to each other."

Orcadians paid great respect to this stone of Odin, and when visiting it were in the habit of depositing some present in the shape of bread and cheese, or a rag. It was believed that if a young child was passed through this hole it would never shake with the palsy in old age.

A Remarkable Rescue.

[Shamokin Herald.]

A few nights ago Robert Gardener, residing near Shamokin, was attracted by the strange cries of a man. On arising from his bed and looking out of the window, he found that they emanated from the hill opposite his residence.

Calling his next-door neighbor, they walked over to the hill with a light. Nearing a cave hole they heard the noise again and on looking down found a man there. They procured a washline, and threw it to him, which he grasped very eagerly, and was hoisted out.

On being questioned as to how he got there, he said he lived on the hill, beyond the Polish church. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon he had been hunting his goat, and, not seeing the hole, fell into it. His fall was about forty feet. He had called until he was tired and could call no more, and had given up all hopes before he saw their light. In falling he had landed on an offset, and from this there is a hole running away down to the old Peerless slope. Had he fallen into this he probably would never have been found.

A Friend to the Blind.

[Golden Days.]

Recently, one of the old birds in Doctor Prime's collection—a gray sparrow—became blind. Straightway a little dark brown-and-white bird, known as a Japanese nun, and named Dick, became the sparrow's friend.

The sparrow's home had a round hole as a doorway. Little Dick would sit on a perch opposite the hole and chirp. The blind bird would come out, and, guided by Dick's chirps, would leap to the perch, and so on to the seed cup and water bottle. But the most curious part of the performance was when the blind sparrow would try to get back into the house. Dick would place the sparrow exactly opposite the hole by shoving him along the perch. When opposite, Dick would chirp and the blind bird would leap in, never failing.

Mortality Among Bishops' Wives.

[London Punch.]

A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette has called attention to the alarming mortality among bishops' wives. It appears that at present there are six bishops who are widowers, five who have been married twice and one, the Bishop of Liverpool, who has been married three times. It is not likely that even these alarming statistics will permanently detract from the value of a bishop in the matrimonial market, but a few plausible theories on the subject might be interesting.

LOVE'S TOKEN.

A wild bird over the housetop flew,
And she said: "Oh, fleetwing, take
A tender message of love from me
To my love for my love's own sake."

And the bird flew over the woodland,
Out over the ocean blue;
On his breast was the maiden's missive,
A regalia both warm and true.

Fast flew to lover and wanderer,
And as fast as the wind the bird,
Till the message was worn and faded,
And illegible every word.

Yet the bird delivered his burden
One day to the lover's hand,
And said to him: "Truant and rover,
I have come from a far-off land;

"Have followed thy course like a tempest,
In bearing this word to thee;
It is worn with the storms of Heaven
And washed with the waves of the sea,

"Till the words are all gone, but you know them;
No storm with its fierce intent
Could wash out the love that was in it,
Or the kisses this fair one sent."

And the lover stretched forth with ardor
The palm of his sunburned hand,
And bore to his lips, with a blessing,
Which reached from the sea to the land,

This blotted and tender love token,
For as sure as love is known
It will, if not written or spoken,
Find ways of its own to its own.

Bill Arp's Boy.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

I had a good time last week. I took little Carl along with me for company and it was his first trip, and he kept me entertained watching him taking in the wonders of Atlanta and railroads and high bridges and big houses. We dined at Mr. Durand's in the car shed, and after the waiter had spread about a dozen little dishes around the little boy's plate he looked up at me with a look of innocent amazement and said, "Papa, is all this dinner mine?" He spied Mr. Durand's bran new silver coffee urn, and asked me if that wasn't a water tank for the engine. Seeing some big boxes full of eggs in a store, he stopped and whistled a note of surprise, and asked me if they didn't have a factory there to make eggs. Mr. Block's candy factory filled his infantile mind to the brim. As we walked along the marble tables where they were drawing it out and cutting it up I noticed that the little fragments stuck to his fingers in spite of my caution.

Relief Afforded Dyspeptics by Cayenne Pepper.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

Cayenne pepper may be selected as a typical example of a condiment property so called. Mustard is a food and condiment combined; this is the case with some others. Curry-powders are mixtures of a very potent condiment with more or less farinaceous materials, and sulphur compounds, which, like the oil of mustard, of onions, garlic, etc., may have a certain amount of nutritive value.

The mere condiment is a stimulating drug that does its work directly upon the inner lining of the stomach, by exciting it to incressed abnormal activity. A dyspeptic may obtain immediate relief by using cayenne pepper. Among the advertised patent medicines is a pill bearing the very ominous name of its compounder, the active constituent of which is cayenne. Great relief and temporary comfort are commonly obtained by using it as a "dinner pill." If thus used only as a temporary remedy for acute and temporary, or exceptional, attack of indigestion, all is well, but the cayenne, whether taken in pills or dusted over the food or stewed in with it in curries or any otherwise, is one of the most cruel of slow poisons when taken habitually. Thousands of poor wretches are crawling miserably toward their graves, the victims of the multitude of maladies of both mind and body that are connected with chronic, incurable dyspepsia, all brought about by the habitual use of cayenne and its condimental cousins.

The usual history of these victims is that they began by overfeeding, took the condiment to force the stomach to do more than its healthful amount of work, using but little at first. Then the stomache became tolerant of this little, and demanded more; then more, and more, and more, until at last inflamation, ulceration, torpidity, and finally the death of the digestive powers, accompained with all that long train of miseries to which I have referred.

WHAT THEY PUT IN FLAVORS.

Fusel Oil and Sulphuric Acid Among the Things.

[New York Sun.]

"There is mighty little genuine fruit extract in the syrups and flavors of commerce," the chemist of a manufacturing house said, pushing aside glass jars, strainers and retorts, so as to make a clear space for some of his books of formula. "Natural flavors are both weak and costly. For instance, if you sugar down pineapples or strawberries, you get a delightful natural syrup, but your white sugar alone will cost you 88 cents a gallon, and the fruit is expensive, as you know. The flavor is just at its proper strength, and will not go a great way in flavoring additions to the syrup; and so only a small portion of the fruit syrups and essences of commerce have any fruit about them. Smell this."

He unstopped a vial of thin, transparent liquid. It diffused a strong pineapple odor of irritating pungency.

"That," he said, "is butyric acid. Mixed with alcohol, it is the pineapple oil of commerce, and it enters into nearly every flavor manufactured and into most perfumes. It is extracted from rancid fat. The tallow oil, which is the basis of artificial butter, will furnish it. Another prominent ingredient of artificial flavors is amyle, which you will know better by the name of fusel oil.

Some one of its compounds go into the manufacture of the flavors of pineapple, strawberry, raspberry, apricot, pear, orange and apple. Compounds of methyl, an extract of coal tar, are also much used. Succinic acid, extracted from fat, and benzoic acid, originally extracted from a vegetable resin, but now made from naphthaline, a coal oil product, are also much used in various shapes. Formic acid, another ingredient, was originally obtained from ants, and thence its name is derived from the Latin word for ant, formica. Chloroform goes into some flavors, notably grape essence, and oxalic acid goes into the bloom of gooseberry, apricot, lemon and apple. Tartaric acid is also largely used. Most of these substances are used in the form of others, and their strength or odor is due to their exceeding volatility."

"Are not such compounds injurious?"

"Not when used simply for flavoring purposes," was the answer. "The reason why they may be used to imitate natural flavors with such success is doubtless due to the fact that the flavors of the natural fruits are due to their presence. Butyric acid is naturally present in the pine apple, tartaric acid in wine, citric acid in lemons, and oxalic acid in gooseberries. While artificial flavors or essences would be poisonous, taken in large quantities, it does not follow that their use as flavors is injurious any more than that almonds should not be eaten because their concentrated extract is poisonous. As a matter of fact soda water flavors and candy flavors are almost invariably artificial, and the bouquet and flavor of many a bottle of wine is due to the various amylic or fusel oil ethers."

"I remember," he continued, "seeing some time ago an anecdote about a French wine seller, who said to his son: "Always remember, my son, that wine may be made out of anything, even grape juice." I have thought the same thing often when I have drunk the sweet cider of commerce. Of course there is a sweet cider that is made from apple juice and it may be kept from getting hard by the addition of bisulphite of lime. But there are immense quantities of sweet cider sold that are perfectly innocent of apple juice, and there are plenty of receipts for making it. People that know what good apple cider is are not likely to drink much of the manufactured cider, and if they did it would not hurt them, although I would not like to drink cider made from this receipt."

The chemist showed the reporter a trade receipt for cider, which called for honey, catechu (an astringent resin), alum, yeast, bitter almonds, cloves, burnt sugar and alcohol. The receipt adds: "If too sweet, add sulphuric acid to suit the taste."

"Sulphuric acid," he said, "is not a healthful article of diet; but, as I said before, a thing may be perfectly innocent in a diluted shape and in a very small quantity, that would be hurtful in a concentrated form. Odd, isn't it, that delicate flowers and perfumes should come from the refuse of the abbatoir and the coal oil distillery? But a great many pleasant thing have humble origins.

Flashes of Good Sense.

Fall not out with a friend for a trifle.

Seeds are fruit, words are but leaves.

Go not into the society of the vicious.

What is bought is cheaper than a gift.

Crosses are ladders that lead to heaven.

Do what you ought let come what may.

Extent to every one a kindly salutation.

A man is not good or bad for one action.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

If you wish good advice consult an old person.

He that will not be counseled cannot be helped.

Be slow of giving advice, ready to do a service.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

A bridle for the tongue is a necessary piece of furniture.

To persevere in one's duty and be silent, is the best answer to calumny.

There is one peculiar feature about a scandal. Every statement but the true one is readily accepted.

One of life's hardest lessons from the cradle to the grave is waiting. We send our ships out, but cannot patiently await their return.

If one only wished to be happy, this could be readily accomplished; but we wish to be happier than other people and this is almost always difficult for we believe others to be happier than they are.

Mark Twain's Nervousness.

[Philadelphia News.]

Mr. Clemens has some peculiarities. They tell me he is one of the most nervous men in the world. He has constant difficulty in keeping still, and somebody is obliged to go with him to keep him busy playing billiards or doing something else so that he will not have to be faced with the horrible alternative of sitting still.

Two seats are reserved for Mr. Clemens in the drawing-room car on the train by which he may travel. One of these seats in the smoke-room and the other is in the body of the car.

As soon as Mr. Clemens finishes smoking his cigar he has to get up and fly from the apartment, because he cannot bear the smell of tobacco smoke when he is not producing it himself. So he sits a little while in the smoke room, then trots out to his other place in the middle of the car, and after he has been there half an hour or so back he runs to the smoke room again. That is the way he goes on all day long.

Flashes of Humor.

[Kansas City Times.]

"Although Bacchus is said to have invented the drum," says the Philadelphia Call, "a drum is always empty, while Bacchus was always full." This joke was clipped by the exchange editor and carried into Mr. Hyde's room, and laid before the St. Louis Republican's advisory committee on humor for additional sparkle.

"You might put in something about 'snares' and 'bacchus,'" said Colonel Cundiff tentatively.

"Or something about a drum with a stick to it," observed Mr. Blubb with a faint gleam of satisfaction.

"Or something about the long roll it takes," chimed in Colonel Grif Prather.

"Can't you ring in a good word for Jacoby's in some way?" asked Colonel John Knapp anxiously.

"I have it," said Mr. Hyde decisively: "this shall be our reply: "But a drum is a very poor affair if it is not tight.'"

Prospectus.

[Luling Wasp.]

C. B. Collins is editor-in-chief of this paper, and we have quite a corps of assistants. The local editor is an observant young man of varied attainments, and the agricultural editor doesn't know a pumpkin from a potato bug, but he will learn during next crop season.

Our musical critic runs a genuine Cremona in the orchestra at Bowers half, and our marine editor has a scow on the San Marcos River. Our distinguished war correspondent, Sir Garnet Wolseley, is now in London, while our political editor has gone to interview the president. We have no religious editor.